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THE APTERYX, OR KIWI.

The apteryx, or kiwi, is a native of New Zealand, and is a very strange, weird bird. It has scarcely a trace of wings, and is on that account called apteryx, or wingless. It has very little similarity to other short winged birds. Its body is compact, its neck short but thick, the wings so stunted that they are scarcely visible, except in the skeleton. The plumage consists of long, lancet shaped feathers, which are covered part of their length with shiny silken down. The quill portion of the feathers is very short. The general color of the apteryx is chestnut brown. The bird has no tail. The beak is long and curved; the nostrils, very small and narrow, are set on each side of the tip. The legs are very strong and short.

Not many years ago the apteryx was thought to be a fabulous bird, and its veritable existence was denied by scientific men. The first one brought to Europe was called the Apteryx Australis; it was killed in the forests of New Zealand, on the south-western coast. A second one from the same locality was carried to the British Museum.

Almost all the specimens found in collections now come from the North Island, and belong to another species (*Apteryx mantelli*). This bird is called kiwi by the natives. Bartlett says that this species is distinguished from the others by being somewhat smaller; it has also longer legs and shorter claws, and there are long bristly hairs on the head. The color of the plumage is darker and more reddish.

The kiwi lives in the uninhabited forest regions of the North Island but is wholly extinct in the inhabited regions, and is not very easily captured. Dieffenbach, who resided in New Zealand eighteen months only obtained only one skin although he offered large rewards to the natives.

The bird is found now most frequently in Little Barrier Island, a small uninhabited island covered with dense forests, situated in Hauraki Gulf, near Auckland, and in the forests of the mountain chain between Cape Pallisir and the East Cape, on the Southeastern side of the North Island. This island consists of mountains about seven hundred metres high, is only accessible in a quiet sea, and the existence of these wingless birds there proves that it was once connected with the other part of the Island. Two of these birds male and female, were captured alive near the source of the Rocky and Slate Rivers, on a dangerous height a thousand metres above the sea. The natives carried them to Hochstetter, who paid five pounds sterling for them.

In the year 1861 Skeet found the kiwi very abundant upon the grassy mountain ridges on the eastern side of the Owen River. With the help of two dogs he caught every night from fifteen to twenty of these birds. He and his people subsisted upon their flesh.

THE APTERYX, OR KIWI.

These birds are nocturnal, and during the day hide in holes in the earth or under the roots of large trees, and only come forth at night to obtain their food. They live upon insects, larvæ, worms, and the seeds of various plants. The natives hunt them only at night, and often bewilder them so with the glare of their torches that they can be caught by the hand or knocked down with sticks. They are remarkably fleet of foot, which makes up for the absence of wings. When running they take long strides, hold their body in an inclined position with the neck stretched out. They moved cautiously, and as noiselessly as a rat. If disturbed during the day they yawn frequently, and wrench their wide open jaws out of shape in the most singular manner. If provoked they raise their body to an erect position, lift up the foot to the breast, and strike with it, their only but not insignificant weapon of defence. It has been said that they attract worms to the surface by striking on the ground with their powerful feet.

While in search of food they make a constant snuffling sound through the nostrils. It is doubtful whether they are guided by the sense of feeling or of smell. It is certain that the sense of feeling is strongly developed, for they touch every object with the point of their bill, whether they are eating or examining the ground. When they are confined in a room or cage, the snuffling sound is only heard during the night when they are in search of food or eating, and is not heard when they softly touch the walls of the cage. Buller has observed these imprisoned birds searching the ground in the immediate vicinity of a lost worm, without finding the morsel again, and has noticed that they are never able to take a piece of meat from the ground or from a vessel of water until they have touched it with the point of their bill.

It is very amusing to see the free birds searching for worms. They

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thrust their long bills in the soft ground, sinking it almost to the roots, and draw it forth immediately with a worm on the point of the bill. They never draw the worm from the ground suddenly, but are very careful not to mangle it. When they have laid the worm on the ground, they throw it into their jaws with a sudden motion and then swallow it. They consume insects and berries in the same way, and take up small stones.

In the London Zoological Gardens the cage of this bird is in a dark stall; some straw is piled up in one corner. The kiwi conceals itself behind this straw during the day. If the keeper takes it out from its hiding place it looks puzzled for a time, but when it is placed on the ground it turns its back and runs back to the straw in the most absurd style. After the sun goes down it runs about in a lively manner, and thrusts its long bill into every corner.

The female in the London gardens has laid several eggs. The bird weighs a little more than four pounds, and the eggs, which are remarkably large, weigh between fourteen and fifteen ounces.

"The skin of these birds is very tough, yet flexible, and the chiefs in New Zealand set great value upon it for the manufacture of their state mantles, permitting no inferior person to wear them, and being extremely unwillingly to part with them even for a valuable consideration."—*From Brehm's Animal Life.*

Temperance Department.

THE LITTLE TESTAMENT.

BY MARY D. NELL CHELLIS.

Mr. Goodale, the minister of a seaside parish, was sitting in his study late at night. A sermon which he had just completed lay upon the table before him. To-morrow would be the Sabbath, and he needed rest, but some power seemed to hold him in a waiting attitude, as if expecting a summons to active duty.

The clock struck twelve, and as it ceased a rap was heard upon the window looking seaward. He threw it up, asking:

"Who is there?"

"A friend who brings a message from the dead," was replied.

"Go to the door and I will admit you," said Mr. Goodale.

By the light of the stars he saw that his visitor was dressed as a sailor but the moment the young man entered the room he doubted if the dress had not been assumed as a disguise.

"I thank you for allowing me to come in," said the stranger quickly. "I should not be here to-night but for a promise I have made, and one is never sure of to-morrow."

"True, my friend; was thinking of that when you rapped upon my window. I had finished my sermon for to-morrow, and I thought how strange it would seem if another should read it. But you told me you had a message to me from the dead."

"And I have, sir. Three weeks ago at this very hour a shipmate of mine died, and he wished me to tell you he had died trusting in the Lord Jesus, because of a conversation he had with you one day on the beach. You gave him a little Testament, which he always carried with him. He gave it to me before he died, and here it is. I promised to read a verse in it every day, and I have kept my promise."

Mr. Goodale took the worn volume and read the name he had himself written more than a year before. Then it all came back to him—the terrible oaths he had heard, and the daring recklessness of the sailor who had uttered them. This recklessness resulted in danger, from which he had saved the swearer, and thus a bond of friendship was established between them. Their acquaintance was short, but it was long enough for much earnest conversation, and when they parted the little Testament was given with many prayers that it might prove the means of salvation to him who received it.

"And John Drury is dead."

"Yes, sir; and when he went I lost my best friend. He was a brave man and true; and oh! sir, he did so long to live to see his mother once more and tell her that he had given up his drinking and all his other wild ways. But when he found he must go he said it was all right and the Lord would take care of her."

"Tell me of his sickness."

"There is not much to tell, sir. He was taken down with a slow fever, and though the best was done for him that could be he grew worse until he died. He wanted to ask his mother's forgiveness. I promised to do it for him, and Monday I must go to see her. He said he should never have been a Christian but for you."

"Is his mother a Christian?"

"Yes, sir. He told me more than once that he knew she prayed for him every night and morning. He said that troubled him when he first left her, but he could drown it all out with liquor, and he got so at last that he didn't care."

"He must have been a hard drinker. I judged so from his looks and appearance when I saw him."

"Yes, sir, he was, but after he began to read the Testament he stopped. He signed a pledge never to taste liquor again, and he kept it too. He couldn't be laughed out of it, and finally nobody tried."

"I am thankful to hear such a report of him, and to see a friend of his. You will, of course, spend the remainder of the night in town?"

"Yes, sir."

"And to-morrow? Will you be here to morrow! I would like to see you again."

As the young man hesitated to reply, Mr. Goodale said:

"Will you be my guest? I have a room which is often occupied by sailors; sometimes by one I know well, and sometimes by a stranger."

"I am a stranger."

"But we have some sympathies in common, John Drury was your friend, and he was also mine."

"But, sir, he did not know much of me. If he had known more he might have cared for me less."

The speaker was young, yet there were deep lines of dissipation on his face. His eyes were blood-shot, and it was with an evident effort that he maintained his part in conversation with so fitly chosen words. Mr. Goodale looked at him earnestly, seeing another soul to be saved or lost. Perhaps that very night was to be the turning point in a life which would continue for ever.

"I return you the Testament," he said placing it in his visitor's hand. "When I gave it to your friend I prayed that a blessing might go with it. Will you allow me now to pray with you? Perhaps you have praying parents, who have remembered you while out upon the sea."

"I never heard my father or mother pray. If I had I might have been different.

"Then let me pray for you now, as we are together for the first time. Will you kneel with me?"

Jeroald Nason had never bowed the knee in prayer. He had not been religiously educated. He had come to the parsonage that night to redeem his promise before delivering himself to the debauch he was sure awaited him; but he could not refuse to kneel with one who had so trusted him. The prayer was short, but it touched a heart long hardened; and when the two rose from their knees the sailor said in a broken voice:

"There may be hope for me after all, though I told Drury he wasted his breath on me, I want to tell you my story, if you are willing to hear it."

"I shall be glad to hear it. Perhaps I can help you in some way, and if I can you may be sure that I will."

"Can you take away from me the appetite for strong drink? I am almost crazy for it now."

"I can give you something in place of it. I can make you a cup of strong coffee."

"Then do, sir. I am going mad with thirst."

The coffee was soon prepared, and drank with eagerness. Then the story was told.

A boy reared in luxury, learning to drink wine at his father's table, and so outraging his family that before he had attained his majority he was ordered to leave his father's house for ever.

An allowance was made for his support and directions given for obtaining it.

"I never drew a cent of that allowance," he said proudly; adding: "I am not going to blame my father for disowning me, but I do blame him for teaching me to drink wine. I would have starved before I would have been indebted to him for a crust of bread. I have done all kinds of work, and lived in all kinds of quarters, except such as I was used to at home. I have never revealed my true name to any one but John Drury and yourself, and I shall probably never reveal it to another."

"I think you will, my friend," responded Mr. Goodale; "I have faith that you will yet honor that name. You are only twenty-five years old. You may have a long life before you. Can you think of living forty or fifty years as you have lived the last five?"

"I would rather die this very night. I have just lived on from day to day, and when things got so bad that I was desperate I drank until I forgot it all."

"How about the awakening?"

"I can't tell you that, sir. Nobody can ever know what that is unless he has felt it. It is past description."

"Have you never felt any desire to reform?"

"Yes, sir. Twice since I left home. I have tried and failed. If I try again it will be for the last time. Three times and out."

"No, my friend, no! Never give up, although you fail seventy times. Will you try again now? Will you be my guest over the Sabbath and refrain from drinking?"

"Yes, sir, I will. It is my last chance and I will take it."

This was said after a silence of some minutes; said, too, with an emphasis which betrayed something of the struggle this decision had cost.

The Sabbath services were unusually impressive. People said the minister spoke with greater solemnity than ever before; as if the burden of souls pressed heavily upon him.

Jeroald Nason could not rest. He had risen from his bed at early dawn. Indeed, he had hardly laid himself down before the light gleamed faintly in the east. If without forfeiting his word he could have obtained the drink he so much craved he would have sacrificed for it his every hope of the future. A score of times that day he opened the little Testament, yet at night he had not read a single word.

"You are tired, my friend. Why not seek rest?" said Mr. Goodale kindly.

"Where can I find it?" was asked in reply.

"Let me show you." And the minister pointed to Christ's words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"How can I go to Him?"

The Christian minister explained simply as to a little child.

"And will the fight all be over if I give myself to Christ?" asked the young man.

"I dare not promise you that it will, but I can promise that God will give you grace to conquer if you trust Him to the end. Will you do this?"

"I will try. I can do nothing else. Will you pray for me?"

"Be sure I will. Will you pray for yourself?"

"I will try."

In the solitude of his chamber Jeroald Nason made these trials. Shut up to himself and God, his whole soul went out in one long, agonizing prayer for strength and forgiveness. He was so worn and weary that he but half realized the peace with came to him, yet he slept.

The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke the next day, wondering and questioning. He looked around and there was the little Testament, which made all plain. He had begun a new life. He realized that it would be a continued struggle, but he would trust in God.

Two more days and he was still at the parsonage by the sea. He did not wish to meet any of the people, but at night he would sit by the ocean gazing out upon the waste of waters, as if he saw what others saw not. "I must go to John Drury's mother. I must go to her and then I must look for work," he said as he returned from one of his lonely vigils.

"Suppose I go with you," responded the clergyman. "I should be glad to see John Drury's mother; and I have a brother who, I think, may give you employment if you like to go into a store."

"I would like it of all things. My father is a merchant, and he expected me to learn his business."

Mrs. Drury was so thankful to hear of her son's conversion to Christ that she could hardly mourn for his death. The money he had left her was sadly needed, but she was ready to give it all for the little Testament he had carried next his heart.

"I won't take it from you," she said to his friend. "I have my old Bible that is enough for me, John was always a good boy to me till the drink got fast hold on him. It's the drink that does the mischief. It ruins the men and makes the homes wretched. What can a poor woman do?" she exclaimed. "If I was like some do you think I'd be here knitting stockings and doing my bit of work? No, indeed, I wouldn't. I'd call the people together, and I'd enlist every one I could to fight for the Lord against the demon of alcohol. That's what I would do; but as I am I can only pray."

"Pray for me, mother, and I will talk for you," responded Jeroald Nason.

"Will you? will you?" she asked eagerly.

"God helping me, I will, as soon as I have proved myself worthy," he replied, and so the contract was sealed.

For two years he worked faithfully, known nas a consistent Christian, and winning many friends. Reconciled to his family, they were proud to own him as one of their number, and yet he chose to remain with the merchant who trusted him when he dared hardly trust himself.

The time came when he felt called to redeem his promise. A large hall was filled with a waiting audience. As he stood before this audience he held in his hand the little Testament which was his constant companion.

He told the story which had been told him by John Drury, and then he told his own story with a pathos which brought tears to many eyes.

"I am talking for Mother Drury, while she is praying for a blessing upon my words," he said when about to close. "If it were not for that I could never have spoken to you as I have this evening. I am speaking for her still when I repeat: 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'—*Temperance Advocate.*

MR. SMITHIES AND THE DOCTORS.

Dr. Dawson Burns tells the following story of the editor of the "British Workman." I knew him when he was working first as manager of gutta percha works in the City Road; but when he was getting more deeply engaged in his publications it was necessary for him to reduce the strain upon his constitution. A severe illness about this time was a cause of anxiety, and going to York to consult his family doctor he was informed that nothing could save his life but a small quantity of wine per day. When Mr. Smithies admitted that he might take this prescription medicinally, without breaking the pledge, but urged that his action, if known, would be liable to suspicion and weaken his temperance influence, the doctor could only reply that he was very sorry, and that being aware of the facts, he would not have given the order had it not been positively indispensable. Silenced but not convinced—though knowing the doctor to be both able and conscientious—Mr. Smithies came up expressly to London again to consult Sir James Clark, and when assured by him that wine was not necessary, he could scarcely restrain his joy. He thanked God, took Sir James Clark's prescription, and recovered. Had he yielded to his friend at York, and had he survived, he would have added one more to the number of cases where the use of wine in illness has been falsely regarded as the preserver of life and restorer of health.

LIQUORDOM IN NEW YORK.

FOOD *versus* LIQUOR.

FOOD.—Butchers, 2,098; Bakers, 1,110; Grocers, 4,118; Total, 7,326.

LIQUOR.—Hotel Keepers, 4,819; Beer Sellers, 3,722; Store Keepers, 534; Illicit Dealers, 1,000; Total, 10,075.

The above startling facts show that the sellers of Liquor out-number the sellers of Food by 2,749.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ELSIE'S VICTORY.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

There was no light in Mrs. Henry's house, except in the dining-room; thence a feeble ray issued from the almost tightly-closed blinds.

"There must be some one sick," Uncle Hugh said anxiously, as he stamped the snow from his heavy boots as lightly as possible, and then rapped at the side door.

"Oh, Uncle Hugh, I'm so glad to see you," Elsie Henry said, putting her arms around Uncle Hugh's neck the moment he crossed the threshold.

"What's the trouble, Puss? Any one sick?" he inquired, returning Elsie's caress.

"No one sick now. What made you ask?" Elsie asked soberly.

"Because the house is not lighted, and your face is so doleful, and you are sitting here alone in this forlorn dining-room."

"Oh, Uncle Hugh!" Elsie wailed.

"Well, my dear?" her uncle said questioningly, as he threw aside his coat and sat down in a large arm-chair.

"Do you wonder that my face is doleful, when you know that my darling sister is dead? And what do I care for the house being lighted, when I'm doing *nothing* but just sitting here, brooding and mourning over Ellen's death?"

"Surely I do not wonder at your doleful face, or your darkened house, if that is all. I had hoped better things of you," Uncle Hugh said tenderly.

"What had you hoped?" Elsie asked.

"Hoped that you would lean heavily on Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' hoped that you would cheer your saddened mother, who has had so many crosses to bear that they have borne heavily upon her; hoped that you would brighten up the house,—not make the darkness more intense." Elsie looked up wistfully through eyes brimming full of tears, to ask: "How can one undertake to cheer another, when that one is depressed?"

"It is not so hard as one might think, if one resolutely goes to work to cheer. You may sob and mourn for Ellen; it is only the expression of a loving, human heart; but it is not quite the right way, to sit down deliberately to brood and mourn. Remember, Elsie dear, that the sun still shines, and God reigns. It is hard for us to know, that we can never see Ellen's sweet face here; but is it not joy to feel sure that we will greet her again over there? I was thinking this evening of the Master's words, 'I gave my life for thee,' and of how little we could do in return. You have a grand opportunity of answering the Master's question, 'What hast thou done for me?' You can say, 'I give up my sister willingly at Thy call. I will not be rebellious. I will remember that although her work is finished, mine is not; and just now this seems to be, to bring sunshine into my home. Will you not try to feel this way, Elsie dear?"

Elsie could not answer then; she only sobbed; but when Uncle Hugh came in sight of his sister's house the next evening, he was answered to his satisfaction. There was a glimmer of light beckoning from the hall, and the large, comfortable sitting-room was brilliantly illuminated. Uncle Hugh rubbed his hands with delight, as he opened the door into the warm, pleasant room. Elsie met him with a smile; her face was no longer doleful, but full of peace.

"I fought a battle last night, Uncle Hugh. I conquered at last; but it was in the wee, sma' hours, before I won the victory," she whispered.

"Ah, my dear, thank God that you won," he answered heartily, looking about him at the sweet home picture,—Elsie's mother busy with some bright worsted work; Elsie's father sitting near her with a pleasant book in his hands; while all around were evidences of Elsie's loving thoughtfulness. The tea-rose in the vase upon the table the dish of rosy apples near by, the slippers warming by the fireside, were all voices proclaiming victory. While Elsie ran up to her room for a little gift she had been preparing for Uncle Hugh, he remarked: "You look very peaceful and happy here."

"Yes, and we feel so. It has been so lonely for us all, since Ellen died. Elsie, poor child, grieved herself almost sick. We thought until to-day, that we had lost both of our daughters,—the house seemed like a tomb; but we've found our dear Elsie again,—brighter, nobler, sweeter, for her passage through the fire of affliction," Mrs. Henry said feelingly.

"I almost thought I had ventured into the wrong house to-day when I came home and found the sun streaming in through the windows, the bird singing for joy, and even my own Elsie actually singing me a greeting from the piano. But, thank God, it was my own house! Thank Him that we at last realize, that even behind a frowning providence God hides a smiling face."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN EAT.

Too often the noon lunch is made of remnants of cake, sauce and pie, instead of one or two nourishing dishes in which a child's preferences should be indulged as far as may be healthful. In one home this is made the children's special meal, just as the later dinner is planned to subserve in particular the needs and tastes of the head of the house. Nothing has been of greater service to us than the often misunderstood and mutilated bean. Cooked in a simple way, not borrowed from cook books, it has contributed largely to the growth of young forms that have both strength and endurance and minds that are quick, alert, and take "learning" almost like inspiration. Before breakfast wash a quart of the best white beans; put them over the fire in a tin pan with plenty of boiling water. Let them just come to a good boil, then drain off this water and add fresh boiling water to cover them about an inch deep or more, and a tablespoonful of salt. Cover them and move them back on the range to where they will only just simmer, adding water if needed. Two hours before noon add a large tablespoonful of sugar, and a cup of rich milk or cream, or an equal amount of good beef gravy. Cook slowly two or three hours longer, and let them be full of juiciness or gravy when taken up—never cooked down dry or mealy. Highly seasoned or variously flavored soups do not find favor with them like a clear strained stock made from a soup-bone simmered four or five hours, and seasoned only with salt and a mere suggestion of vegetables. Give them small crackers to float in it. One little boy furnishes imagination for the feast, and "plays" that his dish of soup is the ocean, his crackers islands or sail-boats, and his spoon a big ship searching for Robinson Crusoe. Or his saucer of oatmeal is a snow-covered mountain, with rivulets of milk down its sides for snow-slides and glaciers, or streams of berry juice for molten lava, etc. Fancies like these have almost as much power to give a charmed relish to food as the carefully cooked viands themselves. If bread is a little stale, make Queen's toast of it. Cut it into half slices, not very thin, and dip it into two eggs beaten up with a large cup of milk. Lay it on a hot griddle and brown it nicely on both sides. If any addition is desired, a little sugar or canned fruit spread over it will answer nicely. Milk toast slightly thickened and salted is another much-relished lunch. Little corn-meal or Graham gems are fancied for their cunning shape when the large brown loaf might not be attractive.—*M. T. C. in Christian Union.*

WHO TIED DOWN THE BELLOWS.

BY CHRISTIEN REID.

In the old days, before we had found out that coal would burn, and when only wood was used, it was not always easily kindled, especially if it was what is called "green"—not dry. Then there were no matches; our young people hardly know what a little time it is since matches began to be used. Then, if you wanted to make a fire, you had to carry coals, and there was no blaze until you could blow it up to a blaze with air. People blew with the mouth fit to blow the breath away, and so he was well off who had bellows, with two handles and a nose, or pipe, out of which you could blow the air. The blacksmith uses a big pair to make his fire hot.

One day the fire did not burn well; it was a wood fire, such as people have again now. They are very pleasant, but will not make a room very warm in cold weather. We had a fire, for the brightness and the cheerfulness, and the doctor—Dr. Ellis, you know—liked to see it. So he called out, "Grace, won't you start up the fire a little?" It was just at twilight the lights had not been brought in, and Grace reached out her hand and took the bellows and blew a little, feeble stream of air that did no good whatever to the fire. She looked, and thought, perhaps, she had them upside down, for there is a hole on the under side, where the air draws in, and then a little flap falls down inside and keeps the air from coming out that way, and sends it through the nozzle. But if the bellows are upside down, this little trap falls open. No; the hole was right, and yet there was no air. "Pshaw!" said Harry, 'you can't blow worth a cent;" and he took the bellows out of Grace's hands. Harry was a boy who could always do things better than any one else, at least in his own opinion. He went to work with great zeal; with much more zeal than success.

"What's the matter the mean things won't half open!"

"Let me try," said Susan; "you must hold them so. Oh, I see! somebody has tied them together. Now, John, you're always in mischief."

"I didn't," said John; "I don't like to be blamed when I don't do things;" and there was a prospect of a lively dispute.

'Stop, children!" said Dr. Ellis; "I tied them; but don't you see, they will work just as well;" and he began to use them; it must be owned with very small success.

"Why, how absurd!" broke in Susan, taking hold of them. "Of course the bellows can't do any good tied up in this way;" and she proceeded to loosen the string. "There!"

"But, said the Doctor, "you told me yesterday that it made no difference."

"Why, papa!—oh!" and she stopped, conscious—for her father had gently told her she was wearing her dress too tight about the waist, and that her bellows, that is, her lungs, which, with the ribs, work in the same way, were tied down too tightly, and could not do their full work. Down in her inmost soul Susan was conscious that her dress was a trifle tight, but she hoped to train herself, or reduce herself, or get used to it. It was so very nice to have a slender, trim waist! And as she was an honest girl, and did not really mean to do wrong, this lesson rather came home to her. She saw a great many girls who breathed up and down with their shoulders because their lungs had not room "east and west," as her father said, and she saw corsets advertised "for day and night wear" for the poor misguided souls who did not know how the good God had made them; she would not be so wicked; but, then, it was dreadful not to look trim and nice! So Susan and her sister both understood the lesson of the bellows, and took it to heart. Their father meant to interpose his authority, if necessary, but he much preferred they should see for themselves and apply the lesson. He took off the string; and the bellows worked freely; he picked up the cat, who was quietly taking her ease by the fire, and showed how her ribs moved and swelled at every breath. Then he proceeded to put a band around and prevent this motion of her ribs. But pussy had no pride, and was not willing to be made uncomfortable, especially as there was so little to be gained by it. So she resolutely protested against a tight band, to say nothing of corsets. Sensible cat!

The Doctor then went on to talk incidentally of the Flathead skull and the Chinese foot, to show how much the frame can bear and live, made some incidental allusions to high heels and pinched toes as not being exactly what the Maker of all intended, and left his lessons to work their purpose. Then he hung up the bellows by the side of the fire-place, and they went out to tea.—*Christian Union.*

ONE WAY to economize and to produce excellent results in cooking is to use suet in place of butter or lard. For many purposes it is better than either of these. Some people who object decidedly to cakes fried in lard relish them when suet is used for frying. Beef balls are very nice fried in suet. Round steak can be used for these. Chop the meat fine, season well with pepper and salt and any herb you may choose, shape them like flat balls with your hands, dip in egg and fine cracker or bread crumbs and fry in the hot suet.

A DELICIOUS way to prepare baked apples for tea is to cut out the core before baking. When ready to send to the table fill the space left in the apple with sweet cream with a little powdered sugar in it.

PUZZLES.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

My first and second reveal a name
That finds no place on the roll of Fame,—
A household term, to which comes, when heard,
A maiden at times, and at times a bird.

My third and fourth disclose a name
That holds high place on the roll of Fame:—
A name that will live, renowned and bright,
Till the "speaking canvas" is lost to sight!

My whole is one of a class accurst!
Of nuisances often called the worst;
Which the people too willingly tolerate,
And one which they could, if they would, abate.

FIVE CONUNDRUMS.

1. Which is the most ancient of the trees?
2. When is a boat like a heap of snow?
3. What comes after cheese?
4. What is that word of five letters from which if you take away two, only one remains?

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

I.

I am a proverb of 22 letters.
My 18, 9, 16, 3 is hard to bear.
My 22, 6, 5, 4, 21 is to part.
My 13, 20, 17, 15, 19, 11 is something children are always losing.
My 9, 14, 2, is the track of a wheel.
My 1, 7, 19, 3 a very common metal.
My 12, 10, 18 is a taste.

II.

My 13, 14, 16, 1, 4, is a small house.
My 11, 17, 22, 23, is a small animal.
My 2, 15, 19, 8, any authoritative prohibition.
My 18, 10, 7, 20, 6, pliant.
My 12, 9, 21, 24, 23 is a small brush.
My 5, 18, 3, 22, 23 is a peculiar glance.
My whole is a proverb.

CHARADE.

(FIRST.)

A house is what my first doth mean,
Or 'tis oft called *the place*;
'Twas also called *the temple*,
By a well known ancient race.

(SECOND.)

Search well through Webster's volume,
For instruction or for fun;
There you'll find I'm well-defined,
As meaning only *one*.

(WHOLE.)

A village on the eastern slope
Of old Mount Olivet;
Here many wondrous things were done,
Which none must e'er forget.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

EASY GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—1. Fear. 2. Ray 3. Clear 4. Fairweather. 5. Charles. 6. Land's End 7 Sable. 8. Sandy. 9. Rhee. 10 Wrath. 11. Icy. 12. East 13 Henry. 14. North. 15. Horn. 16. Good Hope. 17. Farewell.

HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Lisbon. 2. Paris. 3. Bath 4. Perth. 5. Halle. 6. Potsdam. 7. Nice.

Word Changes:—Near—tear—year—hear—pear—bear—fear—sear—wear—dear—gear.

ENIGMA. Noah.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—L-am-b. L-at-e. P-as-t. L-ass-o. L-an-d. W-rat-h.

SANS TETES ET SANS PIEDS.—1, Fusee; 2. usage; 3, tavern; 4, adieu; 5, farce; 6, naughty.

RAINY-DAY WORK FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—It is raining and the children do not know how to employ their surplus energy. "Mamma, what shall we do now?" they say, till that wonderful woman is at her wit's end what to suggest. Provide some moulds, such as are used for blancmange and jellies, or even some cups and bowls, or saucers will answer, and give the children plaster of Paris and water. Let them fill these and turn them out. The birch bark plates which are used by bakers and grocers will make plaques which the little artists may hang upon the chamber or sitting-room wall, if they choose. In order to hang them, a loop will be essential. This may be provided for by a bit of ribbon or braid of the proper length, the ends of which may be laid under the wet plaster. When the plaster has hardened, the loop will be firmly adjusted. Then a pretty scrap picture may be pasted in the centre of the plaque, and the result will be, to the child's eyes at least, a thing of beauty and joy until it is broken. And the rainy day will have been busy, quiet, and charmed out of fretfulness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MURILLO'S MULATTO.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in the city of Seville, lived one of the greatest of Spanish painters — Bartolemé Estéban Murillo.

Many beautiful pictures painted by this master adorn the palaces of the Old World, while a few may be found in the possession of wealthy art-lovers upon this side of the water.

In the church of Seville one may see four beautiful paintings —one, a picture of Christ bound to a column, St. Peter in a kneeling posture at His feet, as if imploring pardon; another, a superb painting of St. Joseph; one of St. Ann; and a fourth, an exquisite picture of the Virgin Mother holding the infant Jesus in her arms. These paintings are largely sought for and long gazed upon by all art-lovers who visit Spain, and are particularly admired by artists for their truthful beauty, delicate tints, and natural coloring.

But they are not Murillo's.

These noble paintings, the pride and glory of Seville today, were conceived and executed by a mulatto, Sebastian Gomèz, who was once the slave, then the pupil, and in time the peer of his illustrious and high-minded master.

The childhood of Sebastian Gomèz was one of servitude His duties were many and constant He was required to grind and mix the colors used by the young senors, who came at the early hour of six in the morning to take their lessons in drawing and painting in the studio of the great Murillo; to prepare and stretch canvas, run errands, and be ready at all times to answer the capricious demands of these high-born and imperious youths.

The poor mulatto boy had, however, in addition to a generous heart and amiable temper, a quick wit, bright intellect, and willing hands. His memory also was excellent; he was not without judgment, and, what was better than all, he was gifted with the power of application.

Intellect, wit, memory, judgment are all good endowments, but none of these will lead to excellence if one has not a habit of industry and steady application.

Sebastian Gomèz, at the age of fifteen, found himself capable, not only of admiring, but also of appreciating, the work of the pupils who wrought in his master's studio.

At times he even fancied that he could detect errors and blemishes which they failed to note in their studies.

It chanced, sometimes, that he would drop a hint of his thoughts, when handing a mahl-stick, or moving an easel for some artist student.

"How droll it is that the sly young rogue should be so nearly correct in his criticisms!" one of the pupils would perhaps remark, after over-hearing some quiet suggestion of the mulatto lad.

"Aye. One might think the slave a connoisseur." would laugh another.

"Truly, it was owing to a cunning hint of his that my St. Andrew's arm was improved in the foreshortening"

"It was Gomèz who detected first the harshness in my coloring of this St Catherine's hands, and noted the false curve of the lower lip. The mulatto has the true eye for color, and, in truth, he seems to guess at form as readily as some of his betters."

Such were the remarks that often followed the lad's exit, as the young senors lightly commented upon his criticisms There came a time, however, when the poor mulatto received from their lordly lips far other than light comment.

One day a student who had been for a long time at work upon a "Descent from the Cross," and who, but the previous day, had effaced from the canvas an unsatisfactory head of the Mater Dolorosa, was struck dumb with surprise at finding in its place a lovely sketch of the head and face he had so labored to perfect. The miracle—for miracle it seemed—was inquired into, and examination proved that this exquisite head, which Murillo himself owned that he would have been proud to have painted, was the secret work of the little slave Sebastian. So closely had he listened to his great master's instructions to the pupils, so retentively stored them in his mind, and so industriously worked upon them while others slept,—his custom being to rise at three in the morning and paint until five,—that he, the servant of the young artists, had become, unconsciously to himself as to them, an artist, also. Murillo, upon discovering the genius of Gomèz, was enraptured, and declared that the young mulatto should be in his sight no longer a slave, but a man, his pupil, and an artist.

DRAWING LESSON.

"Other masters leave to posterity only pictures," exclaimed the glad master. "I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to posterity only in company with mine; your fame shall compete mine; coming ages, when they name you, shall call you 'Murillo's mulatto'!"

He spake truly. Throughout Spain to-day that artist who, of all the great master's pupils, most nearly equals him in all his varied excellences, is best known, not as Sebastian Gomèz alone, but as "Sebastian Gomèz; The Mulatto of Murillo."

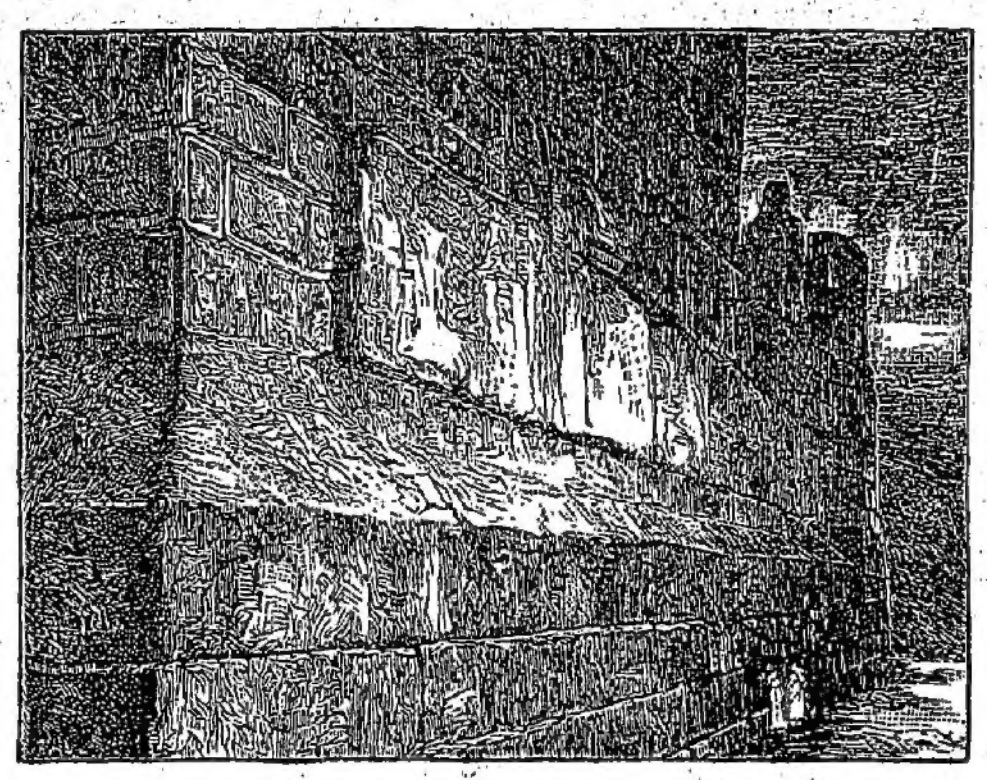
Murillo had Gomèz made a free citizen of Spain, treated him as a son, and, when dying, he left him a part of his estate. But Gomèz survived his illustrious master and friend only a few years, dying, it is said, about the year 1500.—*St. Nicholas.*

LOCUST EATERS.

The Riff Arabs, when they see a swarm of locusts hovering in the air and clouding the sky, watch them with anxiety, and when they descend near their habitations they receive them with shouts of gratitude to God and Mohammed, throw themselves on the ground, and collect them as fast as possible. The locusts, deprived of their heads, legs, and wings, are well boiled in butter, and served up with a substance called *alcuzcuz* The Riff Arabs consider them delicious food. Their camels also eat them greedily. The Moors use them to this day, by first boiling and then frying them. The Moorish Jews, more provident than their Mussulman neighbors, salt them and keep them for making a dish called *dafina*, which forms the Saturday's dinner of the Jewish inhabitants. This dish is made by putting meat, fish, eggs, tomatoes, locusts, "in fact, almost anything edible, into a jar, placing the latter in an oven on Friday night, and then taking it out hot on the Sabbath." In this manner the Hebrew gets a hot dinner without committing the sin of lighting a fire upon that day.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.—*South.*

HE THAT respects not is not respected.—*Herbert.*



OUTER WALL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

Syria abounds in names of illustrious cities. All are ancient, but some have retained importance to the present day. Such especially are Damascus and Beirut. Others, like Palmyra and Baalbec, have lost their importance and are chiefly interesting for their wonderful ruins.

Baalbec lay on the route of an opulent commerce between Tripoli, Damascus and the far East. It was adorned with vast temples, in which false deities were worshipped with great pomp. The Great Temple extended 1,100 feet from east to west, and had a breadth of 370 feet. The peristyle of its principal courts was composed of fifty-four columns. Each stood 62 feet in height, and was eight feet in diameter at the base and five feet at the top. Only six of these columns now remain upright, and they are shown in our second picture. They are generally formed of only three stones each, united by iron dowels. See with what rich Corinthian capitals they are crowned, and how finely they are wrought in every part.

The external walls of the temple are built of massive stones. There are three which measure each 63 feet in length by 13 feet in height. They are built into the wall at a distance of 20 feet above the ground. They may be seen in our first picture. So famous were they that the temple was called after them Trilithon, or the Three Stone Temple.

You have often been impressed by the strong denunciations of the Old Testament against the idolatry of the nations of Syria, and you have wondered that the people of Israel should have fallen under their influence so many times, in spite of the Divine warnings. These massive ruins will partly explain the great power and influence of the worship of Baal in those early days. You see how the name Baalbec is derived. Get your Bible and your Concordance, and look up the references to that religion. Then, in imagination, restore the great temple to its original grandeur, and fill it with all the pomp of the ancient worship, the thousands of votaries, the smoking sacrifices and the cruel practice of parents burning their own children, and you will not wonder at the Divine judgments against idolatry.

Though so firm and so beautiful, this and all the edifices of Baalbec have fallen to decay. The worship conducted in them was idolatrous and no one cares to restore it. But all about in the land missionaries are blessed of God in establishing churches of our Lord Jesus and winning the people to love and serve him. It will be far more acceptable to Him, and far more serviceable to the people of Syria, when hundreds of unpretentious edifices are scattered throughout the land, and when in each village congregations can gather for His worship every Sabbath day.—*Foreign Misssonary.*

A SEA CANDLE.

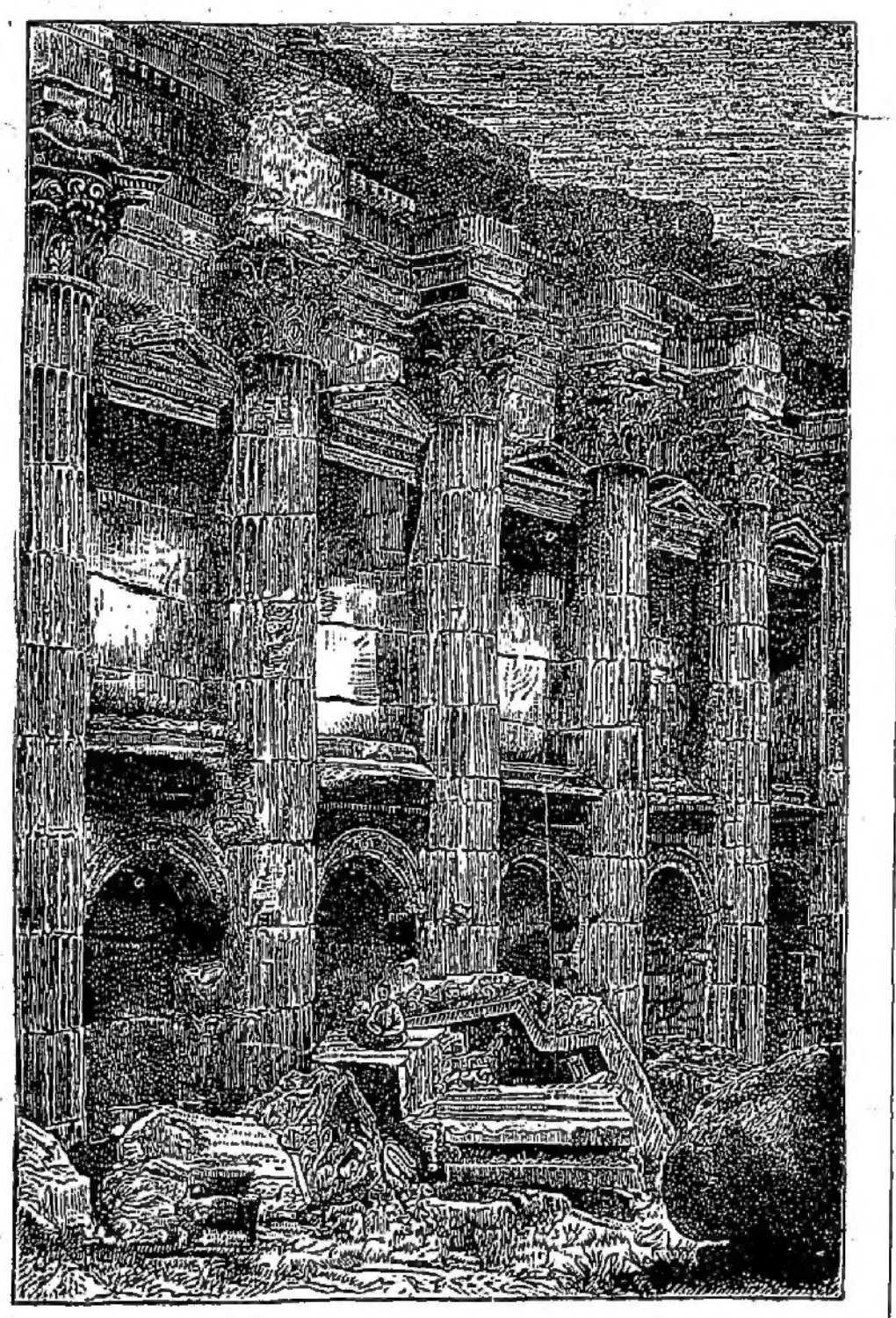
In these days of gas and electric lights it seems very strange to hear of burning whale-oil in lamps, or even to use petroleum, but an actual candle that grows in the sea and is alive, too, is still more strange.

This candle is the fattest of little fish, and it is found in the Northern seas, the very region where it is most needed. It is quite ornamental by moonlight, and glitters like pearls in the water because of its shiny armor. The Indians of Russian America and Vancouver Island catch the little fish—which are about as large as smelts—with immense rakes, having teeth made of bone or sharp-pointed nails, and every time the rake is swept in one fish at least, and sometimes three or four, will be found fast on each tooth.

To make them into candles the women take a long wooden needle, and thread it with a piece of rush pith, which is drawn through the fish from head to tail. When this wick is lighted the fish burns steadily in its rough candlestick—only a bit of wood split at one end to hold the candle—and gives a light bright enough to read by. Large quantities of these useful little fish are turned into oil—but not to be burned in lamps. It is the favorite supply of winter food, and helps to keep out the terrible cold of those long Northern winters. When Mrs. Indian has oil-making on hand the children probably find it worse than washing-day or house-cleaning and are glad enough to take their little bows and arrows or spears and go off until things are quiet again around the lodge.

First the squaw makes five or six large fires, and throws a number of large round pebbles into each to be heated very hot. Four large square boxes of pine-wood are ready by each fire, and in every box she piles a layer of fish, which she covers with cold water, and then puts in five or six of the heated stones. When the smoke has cleared away pieces of wood are laid on the stones, then more fish, water, stones and wood, until the box is filled. The liquid from this box is used for the next one in place of water, and the floating oil is then skimmed off from the surface. This oil is put into bottles which are also found in the sea. An immense sea-weed with hollow stalks that widen like a flask at the root is gathered for the purpose, and each bottle will hold nearly a quart of oil. Candlefish is the every-day name of the oil-giver, but on great occasions it is *Salmo pacificus.*—*Harper's Young People.*

In "Wanderings in a Wild Country," a book lately published in London, the author tells how a queer bird called a inorroop or cassowary manages to get its fish dinners. One day the man saw one of these great fowls come down to the water's edge and watch the water for some minutes. It then waded in to where the water was about three feet deep, and partly squatted, with spread wings, ruffled feathers and shut eyes. It kept perfectly still for as much as a quarter of an hour, then suddenly closed its wings and stepped to the bank, where shaking itself thoroughly a quantity of small fishes fell from under its wings and from among its feathers. These were picked up quickly and swallowed. The fish had mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed in which they hide from the larger fish that prey upon them.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

The Family Circle.

GO TO JESUS WITH ALL YOUR TROUBLES.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

What's the matter? Come, tell mamma,
She will wipe the tears away;
She will soothe, will pet, and fondle,
Words of sweetest comfort say.

Are you tired of learning lessons,
Do they seem too hard for you?
Words in spelling long and tiresome,
Sums too difficult to do?

Are the towns and cities hiding
From your bright eyes' eager quest?
Cannot seas, and lakes, and rivers,
In their beds be found at rest?

Well, my child, with these your troubles,
I will tell you where to go:
The dear Lord will help you study,
Try, and you will find it so.

Go to Jesus with your "bothers,"
Never mind if they are small;
He will help you, he will bless you,
Only ask him, that is all.

Yes, take every tiny trouble
Right to Him who died for you,
You can never go too often
All your earthly journey through.

—*Child's Paper.*

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

BY SELINA BANBURY.

A long time ago we lived in a grand old house on the banks of the famous river Boyne in Ireland. One day a comrade who had a small sail-boat asked my brother and me to go for a sail on the river. I gladly accepted the invitation, and though only a child of about ten years old I got leave to go. The white sail of our little boat glistened in the sunshine; the Boyne flowed on as calm and bright as if it had never been the scene of battle and bloodshed in ages past, nor left its name, to be a watchword for civil and religious strife in years to come. The tide was on the turn, and the breeze blew us on to the sea. When we reached what is called the bar—a rather dangerous spot—the breeze, in sailor phrase, had freshened, and my brother's keen eyes perceived something, I know not what, in the aspect of sea or sky that made him propose a return. His young comrade, indignant at the proposal, hinted that he was afraid; so, as that suspicion was not to be tolerated, we continued our course to sea, wind and tide favoring it. Before long the sky darkened, the water whitened. I heard my brother say these very words, "Tom, let me put the child ashore, and I will come out with you, and go as far as you like—perhaps farther."

To return with wind and tide against their small boat was what neither of them could easily do. For my part I became insensible to danger. We were on a fearfully dangerous rock-bound coast, but I had sunk to the bottom of the boat, and lay there without thinking of that or anything else. It is curious that since that day I have never known what are called the horrors of sea-sickness, though I have been on many seas. The short trial-trip must have seasoned me for after-voyages. That horrible malady of the sea overcame me for once and for all. I was unconscious of danger. I heard at last a shout from a strong seaman's voice I was dimly conscious that our little skiff was grappled in some way by persons who saw it running on the rocks. I lay almost senseless. Yet in that state I was dimly conscious of being carried up an immense headland, and of hearing my brother tell me he would go, as he said, overland, to find some conveyance to take us back to the home we had left.

Once laid down I knew nothing more, for I fell into the deepest sleep, and awoke to find myself wrapped in a large mantle, and lying on some rough coats in a great cavern on the rocky headland. I was only at its entrance—indeed the cavern itself was only the entrance to another more hidden one lower down the rocks and with access to the sea. I lay some time enjoying the repose of solid earth. I had not been in the place before, but I knew the locality from hearing it often described; and I had been told some stories by an old Irish woman of what she called the smuggler's cave. But her stories were traditionary, they did not relate to the present time, for, as I afterwards heard, the old dame was indebted for her excellent tea and various other nice things, to the smuggler's cave. Those were not free-trade times, and I believe many a well-filled cellar held casks that the custom-house officers had never interfered with. The trade of the smugglers, however dangerous, was then a prosperous and lucrative one.

All my suffering from the sea had passed away, but intense thirst remained. I looked around for some friendly streamlet trickling down the rock, but instead of the welcome drip, drip I hoped for, I heard a rumbling noise as of things or casks being rolled along in the cavern beneath me. I sat up listening, and heard the hoarse, half-stifled sound of voices. Away went the mantle that wrapped me. In a moment I was rushing full speed down the great rocky headland, and though it was overgrown by short, stubbly, and, perhaps, slippery grass, I neither stumbled nor fell. Fear, they say, lends wings to feet; if it lent them to mine the wings were strong, for I flew down the steep rough slope, without feeling or knowing where I went, ran in at the half open door of a small stone-built hut, and dashed over about six feet of its floor against the opposite wall before I could stop in my flight. The wall seemed to burst in before me; but it was a secret door I ran against. On its threshold I stood in more terror than I ever felt in my life, for there, behind a rough table on which were the remains of a good meal, stood a ferocious-looking man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I gasped.

It might seem curious to older eyes than mine to see the ferociousness sink down, down, down from face and eyes, as the man stared at the small trembling figure that had so startled him.

"Ha! you are the little one they took from the cockle-shell that was going to split on the rocks. Well, who have you brought with you?"

"No one, sir."

"Why do you come here?"

"I was so thirsty, and—"

"Ha! don't I know what it is to want water." He poured me a large draught. "Take it, that is the best drink one can have. Now, was it for that only you came here?"

"No. I ran down from the cave because I heard noises and was frightened, and then voices."

"Did you know who made the noises?"

"I thought it might be the smuggler's men."

"Ha! ha! And do you know who I am?"

"I think you may be the great smuggler."

He uttered a short, hoarse laugh.

"Well, now you can tell the chaps that were with you, and they can send the revenue men to take me; and then do you know what will be done to me?"

"You will be hung," I answered truly, knowing that such was then the law.

"Then you will tell the people where to catch me?"

"I will not. I do not want any one to be hung."

"Why not, if they are wicked, and do bad things—that is the law."

"I do not know about the law, but when you go to church you hear it read out that when the wicked man turneth from his wickedness he shall save his soul alive."

"Poor innocent! it is more years than you have lived in the world since I have been inside a church. Have you another verse? Seems to me I heard that long ago, and heard your voice too. Say another."

"I know one almost the same. It is God himself says it: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his wickedness and live. Turn ye! turn ye from your evil ways for why will ye die?'"

The man next sat down on his bench; he laid his crossed arms on the table before him and his head stooped over them.

"I had a little sister once," he said, as if speaking to himself, "she was all I had to love in the world; she used to read to me from her good Book." Then looking up at me he added, "Her voice was just like yours. I thought that when you first spoke. You are not of this country?"

"Did you leave your little sister?" I asked, answering one question by asking another.

"No! She left me."

"But you will go to find her?"

"No. She has gone where I cannot go."

"Oh, dear! yet you are brave—as brave as my brother—you can go over horrid waves and rocks and all sorts of dangers. Surely you will try to find your little sister wherever she may be?"

He uttered another short, hoarse laugh. "No! where she is I dare not come."

"I thought you were so brave! Where can your little sister have gone?"

"She has gone to God."

"Oh, I am glad! then you can go to her."

"Poor little one! do you not know that sinners cannot go to God?"

"Indeed, I do not know that. I have been taught that God is our Father in heaven. When I have done wrong, and been sorry, and ask my own father to forgive me, he is sorry too, but forgives me, and lets me be with him, telling me to try not to do wrong again; and I do try, because he is so good, and I do not want to displease him. And perhaps our Father in heaven might do so too if you asked him."

He heaved a deep sigh, and rising up took out a very fine shawl; it was not large, but very beautiful, of Indian or Chinese work.

"That," he said, giving it to me, "will cause you to remember the smuggler, who will remember you."

I admired it, and, folding it up, presented it to him again.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"I admire it very much, but I must not take it."

"Why not?"

"Because they say it is wrong to smuggle goods and so it must be wrong to take them."

"Right you are; but, child, there are hundreds, ay thousands, who will take the goods and wish no good to the smugglers. Now it comes out strange, but it is fact that just before you came in I was thinking over my past life and my present life, and somehow wishing my future life—there is not very much of it left—might be different. The revenue cruiser is off there; if they catch me to-night, there will be an end of me, but if I get through I will give up this trade, for I am weary and want rest."

"Then you will have time to try to get ready to go to find your little sister."

"I can never find her. She is with Jesus Christ—she said something of that to me."

"Then you can go and find her, for Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.'"

"There is more of that verse. Seems to me I hear a voice from far, far away, and see the little one sitting up in her bed with death on her sweet face and the good Book on her knee. I was a wild boy, but I only ran away to sea when she left me. Your voice is just like hers. There is more of the verse—can you say it all?

I repeated, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That is like it; yet it seems to me as if the voice from far away said, 'And you shall find rest to your souls—rest!'"

He drew a pocket-book and curious ink-bottle and pen from his breast.

"You can write, I suppose; now write down here the verses you said, and that first one about the wicked man turning from his wickedness."

I did so.

"Now sign your name and where you live."

When I had scrawled it all with a rather trembling hand, he turned over a leaf of the book and showed me his name.

"There it is, and if I am taken and hung you may hear of it, and perhaps hope I looked at these verses."

"But if they come to take you," I said, "I hope you will not kill any one."

"I have sins enough," he said, "but the sin of murder has not been on my soul, nor shall it be. I was startled when you burst in on me: I thought the revenue men had broken in when it was only a harmless babe; I might have done mischief if it had been them, for when temper is up, or life is at stake, a blow may be struck that cannot be made amends for. But there, child, I have said that if I get off this one night I will give up free-trading and look for rest—do not tell to the chaps out there; you know my name and where I am, and you can go and tell them where to catch me—but you need not say more."

"I will not say one word about you—not for years, and years, and years,—not till you may have gone to find your little sister whose voice you think you hear saying 'Come,' and you know she is with some one who said it to her and is always saying it to—"

At the instant there was a low, shrill whistle from the headland at the back of the hut.

"That is my look-out," said the smuggler; "it is the signal that your lads are there with the shandradan they went to get; you must run, or they will go on to the cave and miss you. Good-by child, if I ever do win my way to little sister, we may meet in a better place."

"Come! remember you are told to come," I cried and ran through the outer compartment of the hut, which looked as if it were meant for a stable or a shelter for the sheep that browsed among the rocks. The door was left with perhaps designed carelessness lying open, while the smuggler within was securing the hidden one I had broken open.

I ran against my brother, who left what was called the shandradan, a sort of Irish car, on the narrow road below the rocks. He was glad I was well and had met him; he asked no questions, so I was saved giving answers. We drove away on solid ground, and ever since I have preferred land to water.

Well, a very short time afterwards some officers from the revenue cruiser were at our house. They told of a large seizure of smuggled goods, but expressed great regret at the escape of the smuggler, a daring fellow they called him, who had contrived to give them the slip. I could hardly help laughing, I was so delighted at hearing of their unsuccessful chase.

The years, and years, and years I spoke of have passed since I said I would not tell of him; and now, when laws have changed and smugglers are not hanged, I may, in relating this scene, express a hope that he obeyed the voice that said to him, and says to all, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

—*Sunday at Home.*

DR. MOFFAT.

Dr. Moffat's life and missionary labors in Southern Africa read like a romance. Born towards the close of 1795, at a small village in the county of Haddington, young Moffat spent the greater part of his boyhood at Carron Shore, in Stirlingshire, near what is now the thriving sea-port of Grangemouth. It was his happy lot to have pious parents. His mother's teaching and his father's example exerted an untold influence for good on his future career. A boyish fancy for the sea having been cured by a rather rough experience during a coasting voyage, Robert Moffat became a gardener, first at Inverkeithing, in Fifeshire, and afterward in Cheshire. One fine summer evening, the young intelligent Scotch gardener, who was already an earnest Christian worker, was walking into the town of Warrington, when his eye caught a placard on a wall announcing a missionary meeting. That seemingly trifling incident altered the entire current of his life. Though the meeting was past, the torn and tattered placard called up memories of missionaries and mission work in Greenland and the South Seas, learnt at his mother's knee; and the young man resolved thenceforth to devote his life to preaching the Gospel among the heathen. He went to Manchester and offered his services to the London Missionary Society, under whose auspices the Warrington meeting had been held. His ordination, along with that of eight other missionaries—one at whom was John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga—took place in October, 1816, at Surrey Chapel, London, the charge being delivered by the sainted John Angell James, of Birmingham. On the 31st of the month he started for South Africa, which was to be the scene of his life-work.

He was first called upon to labor in a wretched district known as Namaqualand, the chief of which was a man named Africaner, who had been outlawed for murder, and was the terror of the whole colony. At Capetown, Moffat was duly warned of the dangers before him, and of the treatment he might expect from the savage chief. "He will set you up as a mark for boys to shoot

at!" said one. "He will strip off your skin and make a drum of it!" was the remark of another. A third added the consolatory statement—"He will make a drinking cup of your skull!" And one motherly lady said that if he had been an old man it would not have mattered so much; but she was heart-broken at the thought of one so young going right into the jaws of the African lion. But Moffatt, nothing daunted, went forth in faith, trusting in the power of the Gospel to subdue and elevate the wildest and the most degraded. Nor was his confidence misplaced. Africaner became a trophy of the Gospel; the lion was changed into a lamb. The whole colony was astonished at the transformation that had taken place in the character of the notorious chief and his people. Moffat's native courage, kindliness, and tact had stood him in good stead. Whilst in Africaner's country his life was almost perpetually in danger from perils of men and wild beasts, and from the scanty resources of a "barren and thirsty land." His salary amounted only to £25; and, though he had two cows given him by Africaner, he had often to betake himself to "the fasting girdle" to stay the cravings of hunger whilst he preached his second sermon.

Dr. Moffat's great work, however, lay among the Bechuanas. A chief of that tribe, Motihibi by name, had asked that missionaries should be sent to him, and Moffat went thither, taking his young wife with him, in 1819. He planted a mission station on the Kuruman river. For ten years he met with much disappointment, opposition and hardship. Greed—the hope of profiting by the presence of white men—and not any desire to be instructed, was the motive of Motihibi and his people in asking for missionaries. They expected to be paid for listening. They stole the goods, and killed and maimed the cattle of the missionaries. Lesser difficulties and dangers would have daunted an ordinary man and driven him to despair but Moffat was not an ordinary man, and so he held on. Even when ordered to leave the country under pain of death he respectfully but firmly refused. The chief was amazed. Turning to his companion he remarked, "These men must have ten lives; when they are so fearless of death there must be something in immortality." Moffat never lost heart. He wrought with his own hands in the erection of mission buildings; he taught the natives the arts of civilization, house-building, clothes-making, agriculture, &c.; and he set himself resolutely to acquire their uncouth tongue and reduce it to a written language. At length he had his reward. The Gospel triumphed, and the mission station at Kuruman became a centre of Christian light and civilization in a region formerly sunk in gross heathen darkness, superstition, and cruelty. The fame of the white man spread through the neighboring territory, so that the civilizing and Christianizing influences originated at Kuruman were perpetuated over a wide area.—*The Outlook.*

SUE'S CORBAN.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Sue, impatiently, looking in at the sitting room door, as she came in from school; and truly the prospect was not very inviting. Nat had all the chairs in a row, and was playing cars; Beth and Grace with a couple of shawls had made a baby-house of the opposite side of the room; while Robbie occupied the middle of the floor with his rocking-horse. Mamma sat sewing by the window, with one foot on baby's cradle. Sue took it all in at one glance; then she went on upstairs to her own room.

"The children tired her," she said; she had not any patience with them, besides she wanted to finish that book of Belle Sherman's and who could read in such a Babel? She did notice when she came down to tea, an hour later, that her mother looked unusually worn and pale; but then, she said, excusingly to herself, she is used to it, and besides she ought to make the children keep more quiet,—which last was much more easily said than done.

"Sue," said her mother, wearily, "would you look after the children a little while this evening? My head is very tired; and I thought it would rest it and me, to walk out a little way."

"I suppose I can if it's necessary," replied Sue, rather ungraciously, "but it's meeting night, and I feel as though I ought to go."

"I forgot," said her mother, apologetically, wondering wearily if there were a night in the week that was not "meeting" night. "Of course, it's of no consequence." But somehow Sue did not feel quite easy; she could not get her mother's pale, sad face out of her mind. Perhaps,—yes, certainly, she must try and arrange it to relieve her of care more than she had done.

"Still," she thought with considerable self satisfaction, "it isn't as though I was in mischief; she ought to be thankful that I am interested in these things." And when, as she went in, good Deacon Armstrong shook hands with her cordially, saying, as he did so, "Glad to see you remain faithful and steadfast, Miss Sue, when so many of our young people fall away," her self-complacency was entirely restored. Possibly if the good Deacon could have looked into her heart, as she sat there so devoutly in her accustomed seat, he would not have felt quite so pleased, for instead of listening eagerly for some word of help Sue's thoughts were all on herself.

"I have held out well," she was thinking, "better than any that united with the Church with me; there isn't one of them here to-night but me, and I could very easily have made mother's request an excuse. I probably should, if I had been as fickle and faithless as the rest." Now, Sue would not have put those thoughts into words, probably; but they were her thoughts for all that; and right into the midst of them came these words in Mr. Hardy's most impressive tones: "But ye say, 'Whosoever shall say to his father and mother, that wherewith thou mightest have been profited by me is given to God, he shall not honor his father. And ye have made void the word of God because of your traditions. Well did Isaiah prophesy of you saying, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."'"

"Oh!" Sue could no more have helped that breath of exclamation, than anything in the world; it was involuntary and unconscious. Could it be that she who had thought herself so faithful was giving a vain service; that she who had thought herself following so closely the footsteps of her Master, was really afar off? She roused herself to listen to Mr. Hardy's remarks; perhaps he might have a word of comfort for even her.

"I have been thinking," he was saying, "if it is not possible that we are in danger often times of falling into the same error these Pharisees were guilty of. Do we not too often choose ourselves the way in which we will serve our Master; and are we not prone to choose the ways that are known of men to the neglect of little acts of self denial?"

"He knows," thought Sue, "how proud and selfish and wrong I have been. How could I have been so blind?"

"If we have given ourselves, and all we are and have to Him, shall we stipulate as to the way He uses our gift? If it be when it shall be known of men, if he so orders it, it is well; but if perchance He should ask of us a humble, self-denying service, shall we deny it or persist in our chosen way? Will it avail us to say it is 'Corban?' Let us ask instead, for a heart willing to be led and used just as the Master wishes." Sue dropped her hand on the seat before her. How she had done this very thing! It had been so pleasant to be called faithful and steadfast and zealous; she had taken such pride in not letting anything keep her from these outward observances; and it was all "Corban." She was far from Him in spirit.

She heard no more of the services; indeed she was not aware when the benediction was pronounced until the people's rising roused her. Then she arose and went swiftly out; her heart was too full for words with any one. The children had gone to bed; her mother was lying on the lounge pale and exhausted. Sue went over and knelt down beside her.

"Oh, mother, mother," she sobbed, "I've been blind and selfish and everything that is wrong, but I'll try and do better if you'll only forgive me. I'm going to try so hard to be more like Him. I haven't been at all. I have been afar off; but I've asked Him to bring me nearer—very close to Him."

Up in Sue's own room, you would see, if you should go there, a motto hanging where her eyes would rest on it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning; and this is it;

"Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified."

That is her daily prayer for herself, but she does not know how plain it is to those about her that she walks with God.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

The head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted for his keenness in discerning character, was seated at his desk one day, when a young Irish lad came up, took off his hat, and smiling, said: "Do you want a boy, sir?"

"I did not a minute ago. But I do now, and you are the boy," said Mr. J.

He said afterward that he was completely captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be a confidential clerk, and is now a successful merchant.

Thirty years ago, Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not the season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of the farm-house, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Mr. H. at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jem, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jem," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jem, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward, these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with but $200 or $300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor discontented man. Jem bought an immigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.—*Springfield Republican.*

WORK AND WIN.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting in silent reverie; and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about he replied:

"I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent in our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing, or were at play, he was always at work."

And the force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard was always considered by those who knew him best, to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose to greatness, while the other lived and died in comparative obscurity. The lesson to all is, if you would succeed in life, be diligent; improve your time; work. "Seest thou a man," says Solomon, "diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*Exchange.*

Question Corner.—No. 22.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Son of deep sorrow, yet son of the right hand,
Dying bequest of a precious departed,
Brother beloved of a lowly-born ruler,
Ancestor great of a tribe lion-hearted.

2. Who art *thou*, coming to comfort the mourner?
How dost thou solace the poor wounded soul?
Knowing not yet that the Lord, not in anger,
Proveth His children, and then maketh whole.

3. Sacred was *this* as the God-chosen symbol,
Setting apart, with its holy anointing,
Kings for their governing, prophets for warning,
Men for the work of Jehovah's appointing.

4. Wonderful *words*, which the fishers obeying,
Turned lowly laborers to teachers of men:
Wonderful words, which for ages and ages,
Have called man to Christ, and will call him again.

5. *He* comes in the strength of his armor colossal,
The panoplied might of the chief of the band;
Yet a prayer and a sling and a stone and a stripling,
Are the instruments used by God's conquering hand.

6. No longer *this blood* of the beasts sacrificial,
This smoke of much incense, encumbers the altar;
Atonement is made, once, for ever and ever,
And the prayers of our faith need not tremble nor falter.

7. *Thou loveliest of bulbs*, for thee Israel, longing,
Forgot her sweet freedom, and pined for the land
Whence the cry of her bondage had risen to heaven,
But where succulent herbs grew and ripened at hand.

8. Over the face of the dark troubled waters,
Patriarch Noah sent *this messenger* flying;
She, with the olive-leaf homewards returning,
Left, for all time, a sweet lesson undying.

9. Bring forth the ring for the hand of the wand'rer;
Sandals bring forth for the poor weary feet;
"*This* for the feast shall ye kill in his honor:
Let us be merry and glad, as is meet.

10. *So*, in their gladness the children all shouted,
Sang, as the Lord rode and entered the city.
Thus, as our little ones sing to Thee Saviour,
Look on them still with regard and with pity.

11. Woe to *thee*, father of children so godless!
Well may thy last days be clouded with gloom;
Foretaste of terrible news that is coming,
News trebly awful, that tells of their doom.

12. *Here* bloom'd fair blossoms, and ripe hung the fruitage;
Beasts that now raven were harmless in play:
Days brought no trouble, and nights brought no danger,
Man was still holy and nature was gay.

13. *This*, rich and free, on the just and the unjust,
Falls like heaven's mercy, that knows not a bound.
On the evil and good the fair sunshine alighteth,
So God's loving-kindness is everywhere found.

The initials form an admonition of Christ.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 20.

1. In Shiloh. Josh xviii. 1.
2. Eli and Samuel 1. Sam. 1.
3. Philistines. Samuel. 1 Sam. iv.
4. Psalm x. lxxii.
5. *In the temple.* Matt. xxi. 18. xxiii. 37.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Ebenezer.—1 Sam. vii. 12.

1. E-zra	. . . . .	Ezra vii. 6.
2. B-ethany	. . . . .	John xi. 1.
3. E-lijah	. . . . .	1 Kings xvii. 4.
4. N-aaman.	. . . . .	2 Kings v. 3.
5. E-sther	. . . . .	Esther vii. 4.
6. Z-erubbabel	. . . . .	Haggai 1. 1-14.
7. E-gypt	. . . . .	Isa xxxi. 1.
8. R-ome	. . . . .	Acts xxiii. 11.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Clara E. Folsom, A. Coburn, and George A. Riddell.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.

Dec. 2, 1883.] [1 Sam. 18: 1-16.

DAVID'S ENEMY—SAUL.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 14, 16.

1. And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

2. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house.

3. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul.

4. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword and to his bow, and to his girdle.

5. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely: and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

6. And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music.

7. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.

8. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?

9. And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

10. And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as at other times; and there was a javelin in Saul's hand.

11. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.

12. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul.

13. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand: and he went out and came in before the people.

14. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him.

15. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him.

16. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord as with him."—1 SAM. 18: 14.

TOPIC.—Safety in God's favor.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE KING'S ENVY EXCITED, vs. 1-8. 2. HIS ATTEMPT TO KILL DAVID, vs. 9-11. 3. HIS SNARES TO DESTROY HIM vs. 12-16.

Time.—B.C. 1063. Place.—Gibeah.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. KNIT WITH—as threads are intertwisted so that they seem to be but one. (Compare Gen. 44: 30.) V. 2. GO NO MORE—that is, to stay permanently. V. 3. MADE A COVENANT—entered into an agreement of perpetual friendship. V. 4. ROBE—outer garment. GARMENTS—military coat. GIRDLE—it was customary to make presents of richly-embroidered girdles as tokens of friendship. Jonathan removed the garments of the shepherd and clothed David with the garb of a prince, thus admitting him to an equality with himself. V. 5. WENT OUT—on military expeditions. WISELY—prudently. ACCEPTED—approved. V. 6. PHILISTINE—here used as a noun of multitude; it probably refers to victories gained in the expeditions spoken of in v. 5. THE WOMEN CAME OUT—this was the custom in ancient times: the men fought; the women greeted them when they returned from battle. CITIES OF ISRAEL—through which the returning armies passed. TABRETS—tabourines. INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC—literally, "three-stringed" or "three-sided" instruments; either the lute with three strings or the triangle, probably the latter. V. 7. ANSWERED—sang responsively, one chorus to another. One part probably sang "SAUL HATH SLAIN," etc., and the other responded "DAVID," etc. V. 9. EYED DAVID—looked upon him with envy. V. 10. THE EVIL SPIRIT FROM GOD—a demon; a case of demoniacal possession like those mentioned in the New Testament. PROPHESIED—raved in a frantic manner under the impulse of the demon. PLAYED—upon the harp, as before (ch. 16: 16), to quiet his ravings. V. 13. REMOVED HIM FROM HIM—dismissed him from his court, and sent him to his army with a military command as an honorable exile. WENT OUT AND CAME IN—attended to his official duties. V. 14. THE LORD WAS WITH HIM—prospered him in all his undertakings. V. 15. WAS AFRAID OF HIM—men are often afraid of those they have injured. V. 16. LOVED DAVID—the very means used to diminish his influence brought him into more public notice and advanced him in the esteem of the nation.

TEACHINGS:

1. An unselfish spirit gives true nobility to its possessor.

2. A selfish and jealous spirit makes men murderers in heart, if not in act.

3. Wisdom and prudence in our conduct have great power to disarm malice and multiply friends.

4. God will overrule, and finally bring to naught, the counsels of the wicked.

5. He will take care of his servants, and give them what is far better than earthly honor.

LESSON X.

Dec. 9, 1883.] [1 Sam. 20: 32-42.

DAVID'S FRIEND—JONATHAN.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 41-42.

32. And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done?

33. And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David.

34. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month; for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

35. And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him.

36. And he said unto his lad, Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran he shot an arrow beyond him.

37. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee?

38. And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master.

39. But the lad knew not anything: only Jonathan and David knew the matter.

40. And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city.

41. And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded.

42. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever. And he arose and departed; and Jonathan went into the city.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

TOPIC.—True Christian Friendship.

LESSON PLAN.—1. JONATHAN INTERCEDES FOR DAVID, vs. 32-34. 2. HE WARNS HIM OF HIS DANGER, vs. 35-40. 3. HE RENEWS HIS COVENANT WITH HIM, vs 41-42.

Time.—B.C. 1062. Place.—At the stone Ezel, near Gibeah.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 32. JONATHAN ANSWERED—at the risk of further enraging his father, he stands firmly by his absent friend. WHAT HATH HE DONE—a true answer would have been David's best defence. V. 33. CAST A JAVELIN AT HIM—Jonathan's defence of David only added fuel to his father's rage. V. 34. IN FIERCE ANGER—at the unreasonable conduct of his father. WAS GRIEVED FOR DAVID—he did not resent the insult offered to himself so much as the wrong done to his friend. V. 35. MORNING—of the third day. (See v. 19.). V. 36. SAID UNTO HIS LAD—this was the signal agreed upon to signify to David that he must flee for his life. V. 38. HASTE, STAY NOT—words spoken to the boy, but intended for David. V. 39. KNEW NOT—did not understand the meaning of what he had seen and done. V. 40. ARTILLERY—an old English word used for weapons, as bow and arrows. Go—he wished no one to witness his interview with David. V. 41. FELL ON HIS FACE . . . BOWED—in token of gratitude and loyalty to Jonathan as the king's son. KISSED . . . WEPT affection, gratitude, sorrow. V. 42 GO IN PEACE—it was not safe to linger, and he hastens his friend's departure. FORASMUCH AS WE HAVE SWORN—they had made this covenant of friendship at their first acquaintance (ch. 18: 3); they had confirmed it when they were last together (vs. 14-17): they now renewed it at parting. Then they parted to meet only once more.

TEACHINGS:

1. Selfishness leads to hatred, hatred to malice, and malice to murder.

2. We should choose our friends among the good and the true.

3. True friendship will stand firm in time of trial, reproach and danger.

4. It is disinterested and self-sacrificing.

5. Jesus is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

THE LORD'S MONEY.

"Bertie, Bertie, isn't this a shame?" cried little Caspar Deems, as he held up a silver quarter for his older brother Jim to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it, but closer inspection showed that it had been bored, and the hole had afterwards been carefully filled up.

"They wouldn't take it where I bought my slate," said Caspar ruefully, "and then I tried to pass it at the candy-shop, and the lady shook her head, and when I offered it to the conductor of the car, he was quite cross, and asked me if I didn't know how to read. When I said 'Yes, of course I did,' he pointed to a notice in big letters, "No mutilated coin received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you, have you, Caspar?" said Bertie.

"Not the least. It is part of the change I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper next time. Now, if I were you, I would put it into the Missionary Box. The Society will work it off somehow."

"But I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box."

"It is not a whole quarter, Casp, it's a quarter that's had a hole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it in that way as any other."

Bertie and Caspar Hall were in their father's library when this conversation took place. They thought themselves alone. But just on the other side of a curtain which divided the room from the parlor, their little cousin Ethel was sitting. As Caspar moved towards the mantel where the family missionary box stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to listen but I could not help overhearing you, and Caspar, dear, don't drop that quarter into the box, please."

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that box."

Bertie looked up from his Latin grammar to meet the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shining, and her lip quivered a little, but she spoke gravely.

"It was the lamb without blemish, don't you know that the Hebrews were to offer to the Lord. If you saw Jesus here in this room, you wouldn't like to say, 'I give this to Thee, because nobody else will have it.' It was gold, frankincense, and myrrh the wise men offered the infant Jesus."

The boys drew nearer Ethel. She went on.

"It isn't much we can give to him who gave himself to us, but I believe we ought to give him our best, and what costs us something. Excuse me, but it seems mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury, just to get it out of sight."

Caspar and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong from want of thought. Are there no older people who should remember that the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best?—*M. E. Sangster.*

DIRECT ANSWERS.

"Aunt Patsy," said I, "I believe in direct, immediate answers to prayer, and I know you do, but I do not think I ever experienced one; at least I cannot now put my finger on any special event, and say that it came as an answer to prayer—can you?"

"I have no doubt, my dear," answered my sweet, quiet old lady, "that in my long life I have had many prayers answered, which I have not the grace to remember; some that I do remember, I could not talk about, even to you; but if it will strengthen your hold on God's willingness to hear and answer his children, in things small and great, I will tell you of two experiences which lie so far back that I can with less hesitation lift the silence with which we we do well to cover those solemn mysteries.

"Years ago, when I was a young mother, with a nursery full of little ones, I was unavoidably alone with them in our country home for some weeks. During a bad spell of weather Reuben was seized with croup, and as baby Will's eye-teeth pressed more and more, his high fever and disordered condition made me very uneasy about him. I was in feeble health myself at the time, and I remember one stormy night when Reuben was drawing harsh, painful breaths in his sleep, and coughing in that sharp metallic way, and baby was tossing in a burning fever, and I myself utterly prostrated with nights of watching and days of anxiety, I locked my doors, and threw myself on the bed, too much exhausted even to kneel; but from my great need and helplessness went up a cry for strength to meet whatever God should send, and then I went to sleep, between these two sick children! And Reuben did not cough again that night, and I waked the next morning, when the sun came in at the window to find Will in such a gentle, moist slumber as he had not known for a week. 'He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust.'

"The other experience takes hold of higher things. For many years after I had been a member of the church, I had a dearly loved friend who did not make any public profession of faith, though her hope was the same as mine, and her daily life gave surer proof of her walk with God. I grieved exceedingly over the difficulties that held her back, and on one communion Sunday, when she left my side and sat among those who did not call themselves God's children, I felt as if I could no longer bear the separation. I resolved to make it a matter of special intercession, not only in my daily prayers, but particularly during the Sunday morning church hour that by the next communion season, which occurred in three months, she might share the blessed privilege with me. I asked my father and mother, and my two brothers and their wives, to join me in this petition at that eleven o'clock hour of prayer on Sunday morning, when almost all the Christian world turn their faces heavenward but I said nothing of all this to the friend herself.

"It shames me to say how much surprise mingled with my joy, when, a few days before the next communion, she said to me, 'M—, I have been to see the Session, and am to be admitted to church membership next Sunday.'

"I had knocked, like the boy in the story, and had not waited for the answer. But our Father is always more ready to give than we are to receive.

"And now, my dear, let me remind you of a sentence of Bishop French, which is better than anything I can have to tell you: 'Prayer is not an overcoming of God's reluctance, but a laying hold of his highest willingness.'"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TO OUR WORKERS.

The premiums of pictures which we gave last year to the workers for the *Northern Messenger* having afforded universal satisfaction to their recipients, we shall repeat such premiums this season. A full description of the pictures will be given in our next issue.

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